

Unquestionably "Pop's" Advice Was Good,
—Only He Didn't Give Enough of It!

New York, Saturday,

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The Evening World.

If It Were a Real War Instead of the Movies
How Would Axel and Flooey Be Acting?

By C. M. Payne

'S'MATTER POP!



FLOOEY AND AXEL

By Vic



Novelettes of the New York Streets

Washington Street — The Wisdom of Mahomet

By Ethel Watts Mumford

HE was a Hereditary Saint, which is, all things considered, the most comfortable way of being a saint. Down the echoing halls of time his father's fathers from generation to generation had trod the paths of righteousness, for from the root of the tree they were born, and their right of power was more divine than that of any king. The mantle of authority fell now upon the shoulders of Ben Kassan, and he was priest and magistrate and court of last resort to those who venerate the faith of Islam in the Western world. Did Aaron Cassan have trouble with his troupe of acrobats, Kassan was referee. Did Monsoor, the camel driver in the Oriental play, run foul of Hassel, the keeper of Washington street, and they bowed before His Holiness and received the word of decision. And Kassan, who was infinitely kind and very human, laughed at their follies and jested them out of their tamperers in parables that would have been chaos to an Occidental mind, but which were as a lamp in the darkness to them that sat at his feet.

He travelled all over the country caring for his flock, looking after their morals and manners, admonishing them to study the Koran and careful of ablations. He cared for the sick and comforted the dying, shipped them home when dead and collected the salaries that would return to Morocco and the East, that on the bi-yearly journey he might convey them home. For his own part, hereditary saint or not, no creed contained his broad humanity. His heart went out to the poor and the sweetness of his discourse was only equaled by the untroubled gleam of his sense of humor. Kassan was Kassan. Now he sat in the coffee house of Minur Zail on Washington street and ate of the excellent Turkish delight, and nibbled at honey candy and pistach nut. The scene at his elbow on the little high-backed table was thick as soup, and contained in a cup of amber resting in an antique holder of foliated silver, the treasure of the house, together with the enameled ancient "bubble-bubble" that stood upon the table, exuding contented gurgle.

"Ah," sighed Kassan with satisfaction as he inhaled the heavy weed from the water-pipe. "Ah, you would see the little world of Washington street! Well, ah with me, friend."

The young artist stretched his legs and grinned.

"Not very picturesque as yet, old top."

The saint looked at him and laughed from the lips of the saint. "You will remember," said Kassan, "that here I speak for the Prophet. I am not an 'old top.' In fact, I am a young man, what you will—I care not."

But here it is different—and here, if I mistake not, comes a case. Behold me, I sit at the city's gate and I administer justice."

A sudden commotion was manifest at the front of the long, narrow room. There entered three Arabs, tall, muscular men, in native dress. With them they coerced a fourth, whose garments, of Oriental cut, were loud in color and whose beard was worn under one ear. The odd position of that cherished hirsute adornment gave him a strange appearance, and his eyes were fear-stricken. He was dragged before Kassan, who was gazing abstractedly at the water-pipe and paid no attention to either captives or captive. The largest of the Arabs bowed humbly.

"I kiss the feet," he murmured. "This dog we bring to judgment."

Kassan interrupted: "I see no dog. The 'g' is not looked nonplused, glanced from the bearded fellow to the impassive face of the representative of Mahomet."

"This—this," he hesitated; Kassan raised a slim hand.

"What Allah hath formed in the image of man should not lightly be called 'a dog'—even if he be an unbeliever call him not 'dog.' Now tell me, of what does he stand accused?"

"He is a pest, a flight of locusts, a plague in Egypt," the tall man vociferated.

"That is indeed evil," Kassan replied, "but why speak as the wind speaks, that when the branch breaks is already gone past bearing. He is not a locust, neither is he in Egypt. Tell thy tale."

The Arab was dumb, but a short stocky man who resembled him so strongly that he was manifestly a brother came to the rescue.

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OLD LOVE LETTERS

By Robert Minor



he came forth from the place where he made the scandal and took him and the woman."

"The woman," exclaimed the Saint, looking up eagerly. "I see no woman."

"She is without, oh, master," they answered in chorus. "It is not meet that such a one should see the descendant of the Prophet."

"And who are you?" Kassan demanded. "Who knows from whom I will withhold my face. Tell me this woman's name, then bring her before me."

Behold, she pretendeth to be one who escaped from the tents of a sheik and she dances as not even the Qued-Nails, the desert dancing girls, would dare to dance. For one "quart dolla" dances she.

"Bring her hither," the Saint commanded reluctantly. The True Believers departed to fetch the Shameless One. The instant they had departed the fortune teller rose with sudden bravery.

"Say, you," he swaggered, "them wops of yours kidnapped me and Fatima. I'll give this saint the shake down, I will. Don't you think you sink as pull anything like this off and get away with it."

Kassan's eyes snapped. "If I say the word," he said, "you wouldn't know yourself from kour kous, which is Arabic for breakfast food—and as for any complaints, I'll have your licenses taken away, and I will find the testimony on the 'drunk and disorderly' charge, and also the dancing of Fatima shall be gazed upon by the pious guardian of public morals. I will fold your tent for you at Coney—on my people do not lie to me and my word is of weight with them that sit in the seats of justice. Now you shut up."

The charlatan gasped. There was that in the Hereditary Saint's manner that left him amazed and convinced. He straightened the false beard hastily to give his twitching fingers some occupation, and turned, scowling, toward his partner. She was coarsely pretty, but her calomined countenance was now convulsed with rage, and she burst into curses in the accents of Harlem. The contrast with her costume made the exhibition more than comic.

"Can it, Mame," the son of the stars ordered. "Can the rough stuff, His Nibs here's a pull, and he says he'll have us mugged. It's you and your bum dancing that gets us in wrong all over the lot."

The belle of the Arab village turned upon the Sage of the Desert.

"Not on your life. It's you short changing the customers. It's you hittin' the booze, that's what it is."

Kassan looked at the woman and she froze under his gaze.

"You have given offense to my people," he said slowly, and turning to his followers he signed them out to the street. They went. "And now," he said, "we will talk. You call yourself Mahometane. It seems your ablations are but few—and as for the Life of Purity that our law demands, it is naught to your kind. Henceforth call yourself what you will, but not Arabs—for surely will my people discredit you bringing upon them. Otherwise, I shall have to tip off Capt. Leary and Coney will be hotter, far more, even than the Sahara from which you do not come. My people shall return you to your tents, but hereafter you shall be Egyptians or Hindoos."

"The belle opened her mouth to speak, but the Sage foiled her purpose."

"Ah, Gee!" he grumbled, "we can't do that Gypsy sag no more. Say, Mame, that Hindoo thing's a good idea."

Mame shrugged. "Ah! you let yourself be bluffed."

"Bluffed?" said the Saint. "I understand my meaning always." He said it as Nemesis might have spoken. Mame, the Pride of the Desert, knew truth when she heard it which was seldom.

"All right, Boss," she said, airily, orisa tobacco.

The Day's Good Stories

Not Perfect.

"I HAVE a stenographer now," proclaimed a prominent business man, "who comes pretty close to being a prize. She is always punctual, always neat, and her manners are perfect. She has a pleasant voice, she is nice to look at, and she doesn't chew gum. She never flirts with the young men in the office, and she is never impertinent."

"Almost a prize," repeated one who was listening. "Why, she's almost too good to be true. What's the matter with her?"

"She can't take dictation and she doesn't know how to use a typewriter."

"Well, a fellow can't have everything perfect,"—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Early Breakfast.

SENATOR LORIMER and Congressman Rainey of Illinois will never forget their trip down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers several years ago, when they sought to blaze the way for a deep waterway.

"The Senator and I had many unique experiences on that trip," said Rainey. "We traveled in a twenty-six foot launch, and our trip resulted in uniting forty-one organizations under 'dig 'er deep' banners."

"One night we were floating about forty miles north of the Arkansas line, when it dawned upon us that we ought to put up for the night. It was beastly dark, but we heard the barking of dogs and surmised we had struck a lumber camp."

"I jumped out and knocked all the bark off my shins getting over drift-

Was It for Him?

BILTHERS and Smithers were neighbors. They were friends before they became neighbors. The enmity started by Bilthers' boy pushing Smithers' kid off a high picket fence and nearly breaking his young neck. Then Smithers killed four of Bilthers' chickens. After that they glared at each other like a couple of horse thieves.

Bilthers hired a colored man to mow his lawn. "Rastus threw the grass over the fence into Smithers' yard."

"Hey, you!" yelled Smithers. "What in thunder are you doing?"

"Rastus blinked."

"Dash fo' yo' moel, mister," he smiled.

"Mule!" roared Smithers. "I ain't got no mule."

"Rastus stared."

"Ain'tcha?" he gasped. Then he scratched his head. "Das funny," he added. "De gemman what lib here say de grass fo' de jackass nex' doh!"—Judge.